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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 29, 1947
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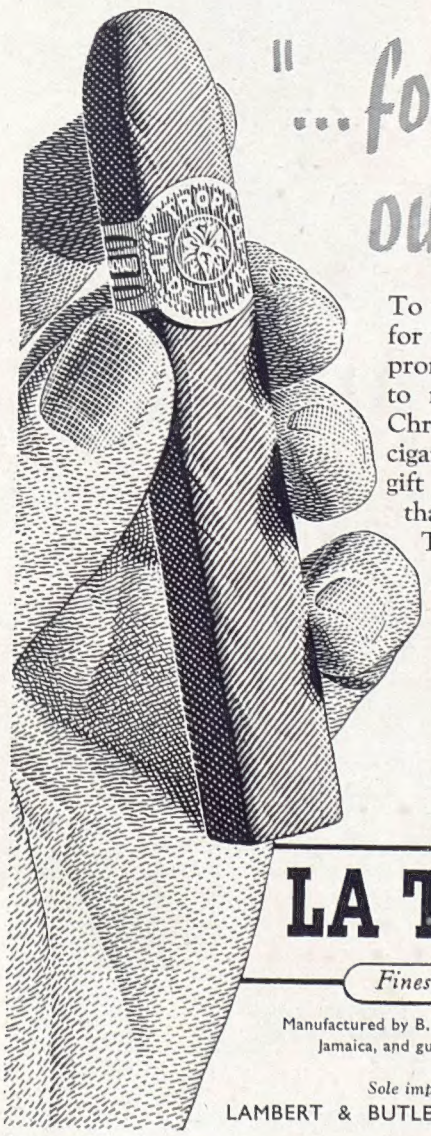

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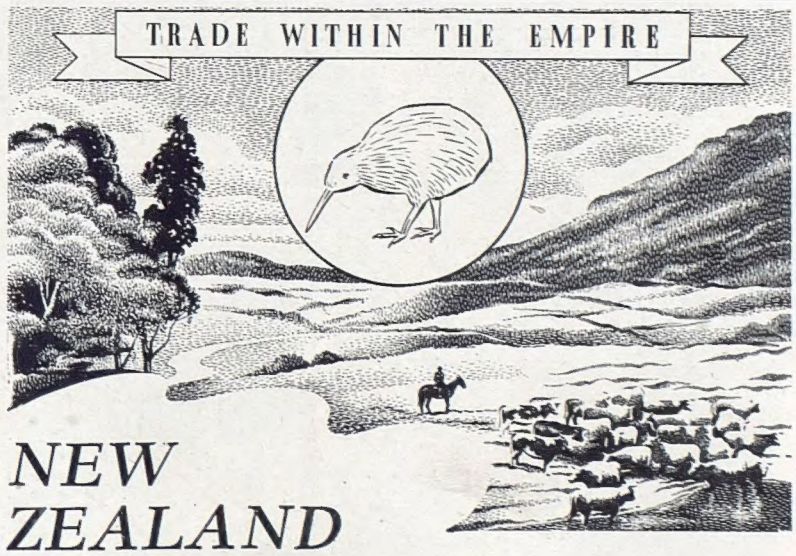

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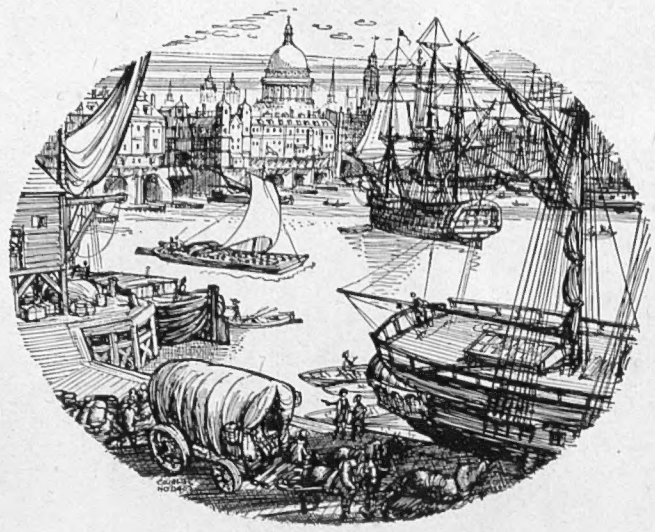

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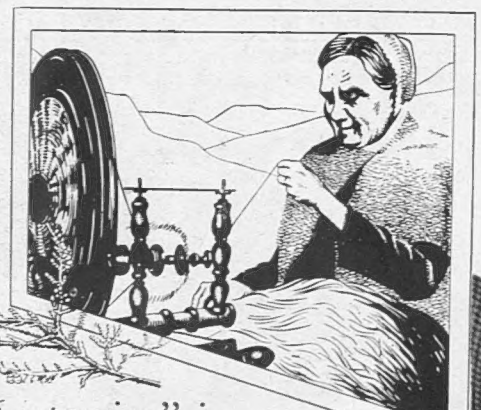

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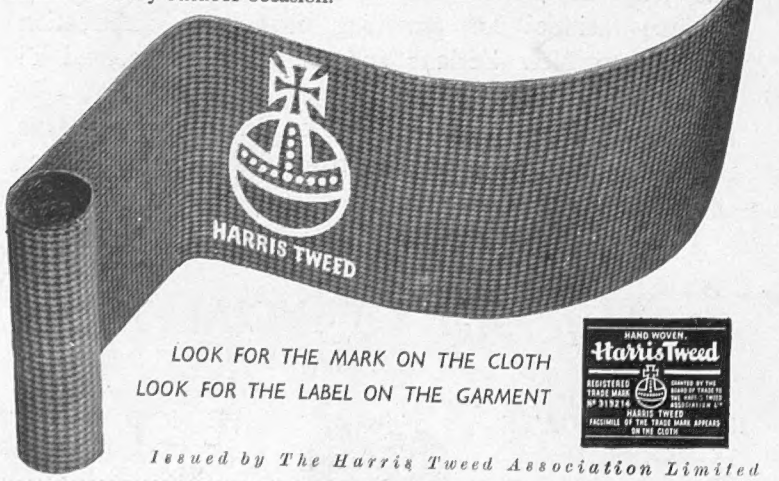

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Volume CXCI No. 2495 The SPHERE, London, November 29, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE WEDDING IN THE ABBEY—THE MARRIAGE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH, HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE, TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G. : The scene within the Sanctuary during the solemnisation in front of the High Altar, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury

This picture, taken in the Abbey on the morning of November 20, depicts the supreme moment of the Abbey ceremony as the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Dean of Westminster on his right hand, and the Archbishop of York standing a few paces behind him on his left hand, performed the marriage service. The bride is seen standing between the King and the bridegroom, and on the Duke of Edinburgh's right hand is the best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven. Holding the Princess's 15-ft. Court train of transparent ivory silk are the pages, Prince Michael of Kent and Prince William of Gloucester. On the right-hand side of the Sanctuary are the Queen, Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and King Haakon of Norway. On the left-hand side of the Sanctuary, reading from left to right, are Princess Andrew, Prince and Princess George of Greece, Earl and Countess Mountbatten, the Queen of the Hellenes, the King and Queen of Denmark and King Michael of Rumania. In the second row are the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden, the Princess Regent of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard. Further pictures of the Abbey ceremony will be found on pages 268 and 269 of this issue

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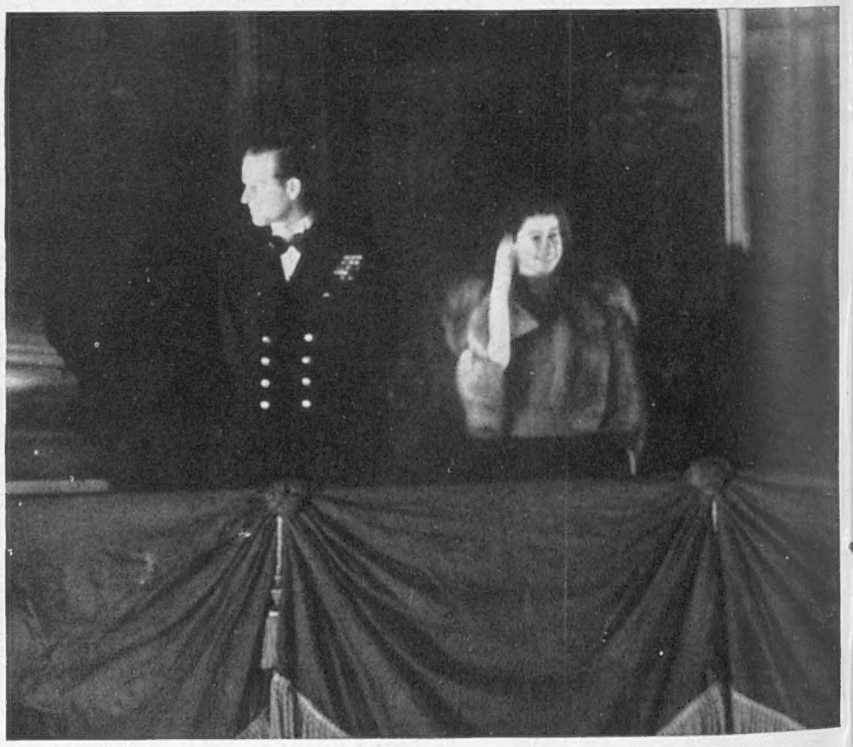
THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM ATTENDS A CHRISTENING IN KENT: The christening group outside the village church of Mersham-le-Hatch after the infant son of Lord and Lady Brabourne had been christened Norton Louis Philip by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Left to right, front row—Earl Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Brabourne, the Duke of Edinburgh, (one of the godfathers), and the Crown Princess of Sweden (a godmother). Just behind Lady Brabourne and on her left is the Marquess of Milford Haven, best man at the Royal wedding. The ceremony at Mersham was to have been attended by Princess Elizabeth, but pre-wedding arrangements prevented her from leaving London. Lady Brabourne is the elder daughter of Earl Mountbatten, and her marriage at Romsey in 1946 was one of the events of the season. Princess Elizabeth acted as a bridesmaid and the Duke of Edinburgh as one of the ushers at the wedding

JUST BEFORE the ROYAL WEDDING

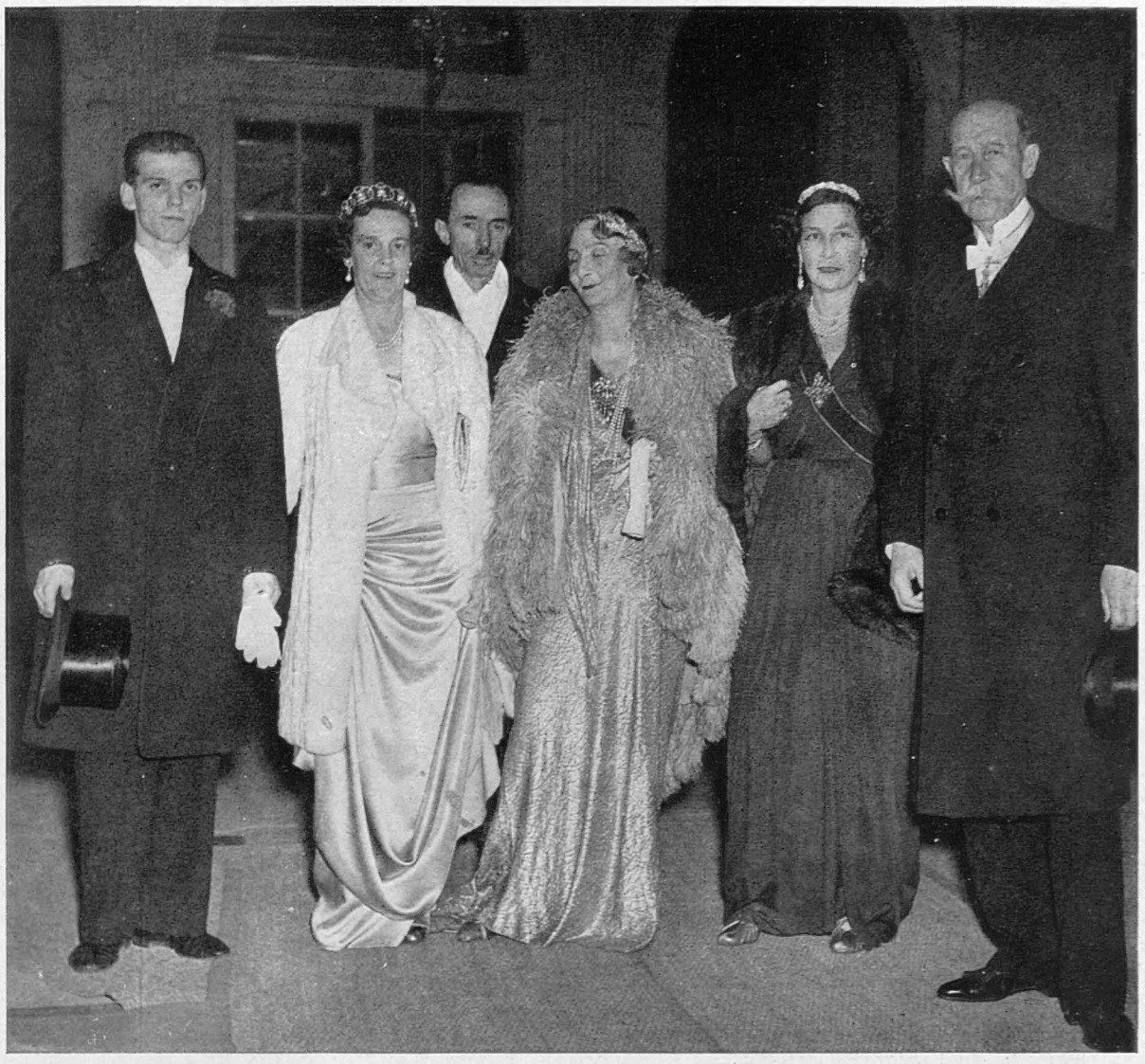
Royal Activities on the Eve of the Abbey Ceremony

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRIVE TO ST. JAMES'S PALACE TO SEE THE WEDDING PRESENTS: Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh seen together on the day before the ceremony. The King had just conferred a dukedom on the bridegroom, made him a Prince of Great Britain, and conferred upon him the Knighthood of the Garter. It was only nine months ago that he renounced his title of Prince Philip of Greece



A BALCONY APPEARANCE ON THE EVE OF THE WEDDING: Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh standing on the balcony of Buckingham Palace after they had come out in response to the acclamations of the crowd which gathered round the Victoria Memorial. After this appearance the Duke attended a bachelor party with Earl Mountbatten, but Princess Elizabeth made another balcony appearance later in the evening. By 10.30 p.m. it was estimated that nearly 100,000 people were swarming the Palace approaches

KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA ATTENDS THE EVENING PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The young King seen as he left his London hotel for the Palace, where he was one of 1,200 guests. King Michael piloted his own plane to England



MEMBERS OF THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY SET OUT FOR THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE EVENING PARTY : On the right is Prince George of Greece, uncle of the Duke of Edinburgh and of the present King of Greece. On his right is Princess Eugenie, his daughter, and in the centre is Princess George (before her marriage Marie, Princess Bonaparte). One of Prince George's brothers, the late Prince Nicholas, was the father of the Duchess of Kent

THE EXILED SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY LEAVE THEIR SUITE AT CLARIDGES : Ex-Queen Ena of Spain, Consort of the late King Alphonso XIII, the Countess of Barcelona, and Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, Pretender to the Spanish Throne. Queen Ena was born at Balmoral, a Princess of Battenberg. On her wedding day in Madrid an attack was made upon the Royal coach, and the King and Queen had narrow escapes. Don Juan is her fifth son

QUEEN HELEN OF RUMANIA AND THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA : Queen Helen, mother of King Michael and former wife of ex-King Carol, was born a Princess of Greece. Following the dissolution of her marriage in 1928, she lived in Italy, but on King Michael's second accession she returned to Bucharest

PASSING A BATTERY OF CAMERAS AT THE WEST DOOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret followed by the Duke of Edinburgh as they passed beneath the awning at the entrance to the Abbey prior to the eve-of-the-wedding rehearsal. Princess Elizabeth walked with the King from the Great West Door to the Sanctuary and returned on the arm of the Duke. Officials noted the time taken

THE KING AND QUEEN RUN THE GAUNTLET OF THE PRESS: Their Majesties arriving at the Abbey for the rehearsal. The rehearsal had to be staged with split-second timing, as upon it depended in turn the timing for the return journey to Buckingham Palace

ROYALTY at the WEDDING REHEARSAL

The King and Queen and the Bride and Bridegroom Journey to the Abbey

REHEARSING THE RETURN JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Crowds watching the Princess's glass coach escorted by the Household Cavalry as it rounded the Victoria Memorial before entering the courtyard of Buckingham Palace

In last week's issue of THE SPHERE Charles Graves described some of the split-second timing necessary for the organisation of the Royal wedding. The rehearsals necessary to achieve this timing extended over a month and reached a climax at the Abbey on the eve-of-the-wedding ceremony. The rehearsal depicted above took place on November 16, when a Captain's escort drawn from the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards left the Palace at 8 a.m., accompanied by four open wagonettes representing the Royal carriages. After an interval they were followed by a Sovereign's Escort accompanying a blue-and-gold State coach representing the coach to be used by the King and Princess Elizabeth. The procession journeyed the length of the Mall, turned into Whitehall, and so to Parliament Square and the Abbey. After waiting at the Abbey for the approximate time of the wedding ceremony the procession returned along the same route. At many points along the route stop-watch timing was kept. Members of the Royal Family watched the procession set out

THE GIRL UPON WHOM THE EYES OF THE WORLD WERE FIXED—PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHOSE SELF-POSSESSION WAS NOTED BY ALL WHO SAW HER, ARRIVING AT THE ABBEY FOR THE REHEARSAL : The rehearsal was quite informal, and after the Royal Family had heard a brief description of the arrangements, the King and his daughter followed the Canons of Westminster over the long expanse of red carpet while officials noted the time taken and checked the pace. For the occasion the Abbey was a blaze of light, a fanfare of trumpets blared, and the organ poured forth its thunderous music. The Princess appeared to be entirely at ease, and when finally she stood at the West Door, she turned to the bridegroom-to-be and said : " It 's going to be a lovely wedding "

THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR DAUGHTERS : Their Majesties arriving at the Abbey with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Standing behind Princess Elizabeth is the Duke of Kent. The Royal party made quite a splash of colour, the Queen being in strawberry-red and Princess Elizabeth in light blue

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN : On the left is Princess Alexandra, the youngest of the bridesmaids, and in front of her is her elder brother, the Duke of Kent. The Duchess wore a suit of corded silk with a Paris-length skirt. Her white hat was trimmed with black aigrettes

CROWDS THRONG ROUND THE FLOODLIT PALACE

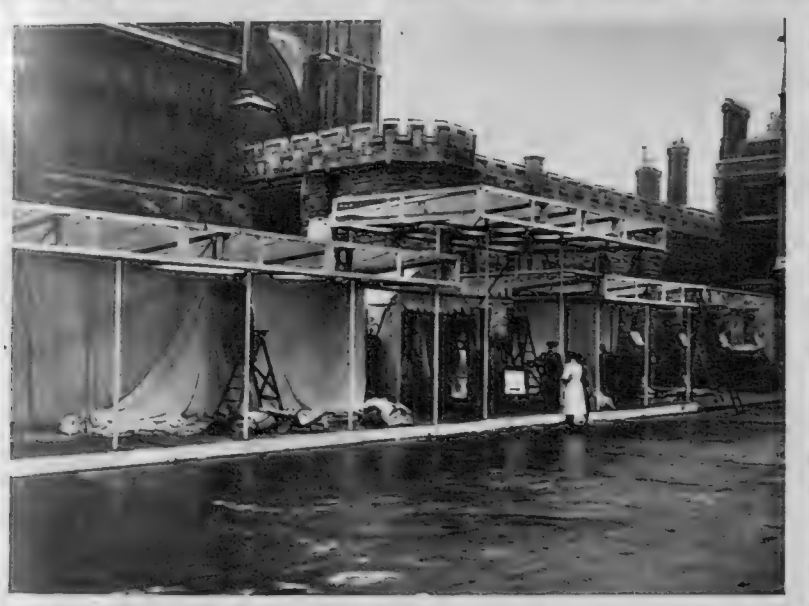
Mounting Enthusiasm as the Hour of the Royal Wedding Approached

THE CHANT WENT UP, "WE WANT THE BRIDE!": On the night of November 19 great crowds began to gather before the floodlit Palace. Cars were jammed in a solid phalanx and London's pedestrians took charge of the open space around the Victoria Memorial. They were rewarded with two balcony appearances

The Palace as ever remains the focal point of the Empire's loyalty, and the surging crowds that thronged its approaches on the night of November 19 betokened the great popular enthusiasm aroused by the wedding. From an early hour in the evening the call of "We want the bride!" echoed across the Palace courtyard, and at 7.55 p.m., as police fought to keep the crowd back from the gates, Princess Elizabeth stepped on to the balcony followed by the Duke of Edinburgh. Next came the King, the Queen and Princess Margaret, and their appearance was the signal for the wildest enthusiasm, with flags waving, horns blaring, and a crescendo of cheers. At one time the crowd was estimated to be 100,000 strong

SOME OF THE FIRST ARRIVALS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: As they left their shops and offices on the evening of November 19, many Londoners went straight to the Mall, and as the evening wore on their numbers and their enthusiasm grew visibly. After the two balcony appearances the majority went home, but there was a vast army of campers-out, estimated at 4,000 strong, determined to have places of advantage for the processions on the following day. At 2 a.m., 1,000 people ringed the Victoria Memorial and, although told they would be moved in the morning, most of them said they did not care

THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 19, 1947—THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: For two minutes the whole Royal party remained on the balcony responding to the cheers of the multitude. Then the Queen tapped the King and Princess Margaret, and the Royal couple were alone. There was another surge of delighted uproar, the Duke turned and grinned at the Princess, and then, after more cheers and more acknowledgments, they withdrew. The crowd outside the Palace was swelling every moment. Women in gay gowns and men in evening dress were leaving theatres and restaurants to join the demonstrators, and at 10.25 the Princess made a second appearance



THE ABBEY PREPARES FOR THE PAGEANT: A façade being erected at the Great West Door. By this entrance the King arrived with the bride, having been preceded by Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth

THE WEST DOOR SURMOUNTED BY THE ROYAL ARMS: For three days before the wedding there was a constant stream of visitors to the Abbey, but on the Wednesday before the ceremony the building was closed

ALTERATIONS WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE ABBEY: Men erecting a false façade by the Pitt memorial. The Abbey authorities made special arrangements for photographers to record the bride and bridegroom's exit from this point. By the King's permission, the filming in the Abbey was allowed to begin as the head of the procession left the choir-stalls and to continue until the procession reached the Great West Door. No filming of the actual religious service was allowed, nor was there any live television within the Abbey. It was arranged that after the service the public would be allowed to file through the Abbey, and many thousands of those who earlier had lined the processional route took advantage of the opportunity. The queue entered by the North Door

THE WEDDING BROUGHT SUNLIGHT TO THE AUTUMNAL SCENE

Some Thoughts on the Royal Marriage at Westminster

By JOHN GORE

THE ROYAL WEDDING.—We live in times when history is almost non-stop in the process of making. For one born in the Victorian era, it is as difficult to attune myself to this mass production of events and sensations (many of which will one day find a place in a full and complete history of the period) as it is to greet and bid good-bye to my friends who are in London to-day and in New York or Cairo to-morrow, or Karachi the day after. So it comes about that Princess Elizabeth's wedding falls in the middle of tremendous political events in the international, and startling and stimulating events in our domestic fields. And for one day (it is fairer to say, one month) her wedding has stolen the limelight from everything else at home and overseas. Just so and for far longer did the Coronation of our King and Queen. It is good that it is so. The wedding fell at the darkest season of the year, the time of the first snows and slush and fogs, in a grim old London never less well equipped to dispel the gloom and cold by artificial and scientific means. There is the devil of a lot for THE SPHERE and suchlike journals, not specially devoted to political leaders and stop-press news, to report and illustrate of history in the making. Yet it is more than apt; it is healthy that this number should be devoted to the Royal wedding. For this historic event afforded us a glimpse of sunlight, a welcome glow of warmth, as from an opened oven door, a glory of colour in the dark autumnal scene, a cheer to give us heart for the austerities ahead of us; most of all, I think, a humanising touch, a brief solidarity in sympathy and affection for a charming Princess whom we have learned to love and to respect. We need such humanising influences. It is worth recording that our Royal Family to-day affords us the bulk of the colour and grace and harmony which survives after two world wars and revolutions. Among our ancient institutions which in easier, more spacious and leisurely days, all contributed their quotas of these sweets of civilisation. Conditions and events have stripped most of the dignity, grandeur and grace from all but the ceremonial attendant on Court functions. It is small wonder that Princess Elizabeth's wedding should "steal the show" and the spotlight. That—and our deep affection for the Royal Family, as men and women infinitely obliging, hard-working, sympathetic and attractive—accounts for our intense and constant interest in all that concerns them.

THE BACHELOR PARTY ON THE EVE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING: Prince Philip, who had just received the title of Duke of Edinburgh and the accolade at Buckingham Palace, spent the evening before his marriage at a stag party at the Dorchester. From left to right, seated, are—the Marquess of Milford Haven, Captain Gibson, Prince Philip, Rear-Admiral Earl Mountbatten and Commander Norfolk, a former shipmate of the bridegroom. The party was given by Commander Norfolk, and it ended just after midnight

A Very Rare Event.—You will find, if you examine our history-books, that the Royal Family occupies in every century a very considerable percentage of the space available. This was natural enough in days when our Kings were dictators or governed us while they reigned over us. In the early nineteenth century, one might judge that the proportion allotted to the Royal Family was unduly large. It would be no prejudiced criticism to declare that in a History of England of 600 pages, half of one page would be as much as should (with a true sense of proportion) be allotted to, say, the doings of George III's sons and the trial of Queen Caroline. But I fancy that you will find that proportion exceeded always. To-day, once more (but for very different reasons than in the time of the Conqueror or Henry II), no criticism of over-proportion would be raised. This marriage of the Heiress-Presumptive to the Throne in the Abbey was a very unique event. We must go back centuries to parallel it. Princess Charlotte was Heiress-Presumptive to the Throne when she was married to Prince Leopold. But she was heiress in the third, not the second, generation, when her wedding took place in Carlton House in May 1816. Behind that faulty parallel, we must search back, perhaps vainly, through the centuries for a closer parallel. This wedding we have so lately celebrated will be sure to receive a considerable notice in every history-book from which our grandsons are taught. With pictures and word-pictures of the scene and the setting, the ceremony and procession, we have plenty to choose from, and this number of THE SPHERE, I think, serves its readers, here and overseas, very well. Many will file their copies. Thirty years on, perhaps, some reader will come across the dusty file and glance at the old photographs.

Thirty Years On?—All that is mortal is subject to time and chance. It may be that thirty years hence a Queen-regnant Elizabeth will once more reign over us. What sort of an England, what sort of an Empire, will be her dominion and peoples? It is beyond human prophecy. The pace of change in the last decades has been too swift for our processes of thought. It may be we shall be a greater England, Empire, people, in some new sense, thirty years on. Moral stature may have pride of place over physical strength and limitless wealth. It is conceivable that this England may be less populated, less industrialised, less important internationally by the older standards of assessment. A blameless

THE NAVAL STAG PARTY: Prince Philip seated between Captain Gibson and his uncle, Rear-Admiral Earl Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, during the eve-of-the-wedding party at the Dorchester

Arcady, a back number or a concentrated modern power-house? None can say. The Throne will survive, the people will survive their present dangers, but who will prophesy the survival of other of our ancient constitutional institutions, such as the hereditary system? The Throne and the people will triumph. What we can confidently prophesy is that, if, thirty years hence, Princess Elizabeth reigns over us, it will be no fault of hers if the new Elizabethan age, in those aspects of it which were fine and grand and uplifting, is not a flourishing age, with new worlds still to conquer, new glories still to be added to our literature and arts, new hope, new endeavour, inspiring the peoples of the Commonwealth to nobler ideals and to a better, happier and finer way of life. For three generations before her, her parents, grandparents and great-grandparents on the Throne gave their lives and energies and talents to that great purpose, and in that tradition and under the influence of their example and training she was born, educated and prepared for kingship.

The Qualities Required of Royalty.—The qualities which Royalty requires to enable it to carry out its ever more onerous and difficult functions are not very commonly found. But I think it is wrong to suggest that they are only to be inherited from a line of Royal ancestors, practised for generations in those functions. The Empress Eugénie, whom so many of her own countrymen and ours at one time detested, soon acquired some of them. Our own Queen Elizabeth was born with them—born (as one might say) to be a Queen. I should put serenity, calmness, *peace of mind*, as the first and rarest of those necessary qualities. Princess Elizabeth has inherited that quality from her mother and from both her grandmothers.

It is easy to conceive the agonies of mind from which a Royal personage would constantly suffer in anticipation and from the forebodings of an uncontrolled imagination if he or she did not possess serenity and a remarkable control of mind—the one inherited, the other acquired by training and discipline. He or she is the pivot or central figure in ceremonies long planned and prepared on which so much depends, the cancellation of which would spell at the best keen disappointment to hundreds of thousands. He or she must be at his or her best on each and every occasion. A cold, the 'flu, a trifling accident or mischance, is always possible. . . . Only the serene and the disciplined can take the daily functions of Royalty calmly, orderly and unworried. It requires rare attributes to enable one to be invariably "at the top of one's form." Other essential qualities are sometimes described as "technique"; that rare dignity, that perfect tact, the right word, the remarkable memory, the dazzling smile . . . But the truth is, these qualities, the graciousness of a Prince, are bogus, hollow, and quite easily seen through, unless they are the visible expression of an innate dignity, a true sympathy, a really kind heart, a real desire to encourage, comfort and set at ease; to warm and illumine human intercourse and relations. You can always *see* if a notable personage is bored, or indifferent or in a bad mood. No smile can disguise, no "technique" conceal it. But who ever saw Queen Elizabeth or Princess Elizabeth in public other than charming and gracious—*and* absolutely natural?

The Duke of Edinburgh.—Princess Elizabeth was married *not* to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten but to Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, Baron Greenwich, K.G.—hereditary peerages conferred that day by the King. The last Duke of Edinburgh was Alfred, Queen Victoria's second son. He might have been King of Greece; he became Duke of Saxe-Coburg and died in 1900. The records of the title of Merioneth I have, in the time at my disposal, been unable to unearth, but it affords the Welsh touch apt enough in the dignities conferred on the husband of the heir to the Throne. Greenwich confers the appropriate sea touch. The Earldom and, I think, Dukedom of Greenwich were last borne by the second Duke of Argyll. Both were extinct 104 years ago. We may fairly call the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., "the fortunate youth." He "bears his blushing honours thick upon him." Every time I have seen him I have been struck by his quite admirable manner of bearing them. No position could be more difficult, even if none could be more delightful and enviable in the human sense. He is unobtrusive and yet dignified, perfectly natural and friendly, neither uplifted nor deliberately "in the background." Born a Prince of two smaller foreign monarchies, he was, of course, educated in the English way and is related to our own Royal House in more ways than one.

A Gordonstoun Product.—He was educated in a fine testing school for leadership and "guts" at Gordonstoun, and only last autumn I read Mr. Hahn's report on his character after his last term as "guardian" or head of the school—a report which is based on headings curiously unlike those of the old public schools. The boys themselves choose their own leader at Gordonstoun, and they chose him on *character as revealed in times of stress.* They found in Prince Philip a born leader.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVE ALONG THE PROCESSIONAL WAY: The bride's mother and bride's sister seen as they left Buckingham Palace en route to Westminster. Her Majesty wore a gown of apricot and gold. Princess Margaret wore ivory silk tulle

THE BRIDEGROOM AND HIS BEST MAN ARRIVE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The Duke of Edinburgh and the Marquess of Milford Haven passing beneath the awning at the bridegroom's entrance by Poets' Corner

Half-a-million people saw Princess Elizabeth riding beside the King as they drove from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. So radiant was the bride, declared one commentator, "that the thousands who cheered forgot the splendour of the coach, of the outriders and the Household Cavalry, and looked only upon the young woman going to her wedding." From the moment when the bridal procession emerged from the courtyard of Buckingham Palace the cheering began, and as it died away, it was taken up by the mighty crowds along the Mall, in Trafalgar Square, and at Westminster.

THERE WAS CHEERING all the WAY

THE FAIRY PRINCESS IN HER COACH: Princess Elizabeth, a radiant, happily-smiling bride, leaving Buckingham Palace at the start of the journey down the Mall. As the coach rounded the Victoria Memorial a vast throng of 20,000 raised a mighty cheer. To all appearances completely composed, the Princess leaned forward in the carriage to acknowledge the cheering that accompanied her from then on all the way to Westminster. The King, dressed in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, sat on the Princess's left hand. The obvious happiness of father and daughter impressed all who beheld it

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY READS THE MARRIAGE SERVICE AS THE KING, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH KNEEL BEFORE HIM: This picture, taken just below the Sanctuary steps, shows members of the Royal family grouped together on the right, and visiting royalties and relatives of the bride and bridegroom on the left

WITHIN THE ABBEY

The Marriage Ceremony Before the High Altar at Westminster

Bride and bridegroom, standing together in a group of four, the King on the left, the Marquess of Milford Haven on the right, took part in the simple, moving marriage service. The Dean of Westminster, in cope of cloth of gold, read the exhortation from the Prayer Book, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in mitre and cope, performed the solemnisation, and then the Duke placed the ring of Welsh gold upon the Princess's hand. The bride and bridegroom moved to the High Altar, where prayers preceded an address by the Archbishop of York, and a few minutes later, the register signed, they trod the red carpet through choir and nave, to face the waiting multitudes at the West Door

On left—**WHEN THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM MOVED FORWARD TO THE HIGH ALTAR: This was the concluding phase of the ceremony. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is seen on the right of the picture, had pronounced the couple man and wife, and the Archbishop of York (extreme left) was preparing to deliver the address. After this came the signing of the register**

THE KING AND QUEEN, QUEEN MARY AND THE REPRESENTATIVES OF EUROPEAN ROYAL FAMILIES LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE: Walking with Queen Mary is Princess Andrew of Greece, the mother of the bridegroom, and beside them is King Haakon of Norway. Next in line are the Queen of the Hellenes (whose husband, King Paul, was unable to attend through illness), King Michael of Rumania, and the King and Queen of Denmark

THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE PREPARE FOR THE BRIDAL MARCH: The register has been signed, and they have once again entered the Sanctuary. Prince Michael and Prince William, intently watched by their mothers, the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester, are holding up the bridal train, and in a moment the happy couple will walk hand-in-hand down the nave to the sound of Mendelssohn's bridal march. As the Princess and the Duke passed Queen Mary they paused to curtsy and bow

THE COACHMAN DOFFS HIS HAT AS THE PRINCESS EMERGES FROM THE WEST DOOR OF THE ABBEY: For some thousands of Londoners gathered in the precincts of the Abbey this was the supreme moment. For an hour they had waited after seeing the Princess enter with the King. They had heard the trumpeters blow three fanfares, and after the third the bells of the Abbey and of St. Margaret's pealed forth, and a radiant bride emerged. On the drive back to the Palace nearly 500,000 people saw the Princess and the Duke

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE": This was a great moment for the crowds that thronged the Palace courtyard and the open space before the gates. They swept forward across the roadway, cheering and waving as the bride and bridegroom appeared with the King and Queen and Queen Mary

PAGEANTRY AT THE PALACE

And On the Royal Route to Westminster

London has had little enough of pageantry in the two years since the close of the Second World War. On November 20 the glories of pre-war days were there in full measure, but transcending all was the mighty welcome of the crowds for bride and bridegroom. On these pages are recorded some of the remarkable crowd scenes along the route to Westminster. Many had waited all night on the processional way, and when they had seen the noble pageantry of the morning, they stayed on to cheer the bride and groom, and late into the night, just before the floodlights were switched off, they gave a final round of cheers to the Royal Family on their final appearance on the balcony after as memorable a thirty-six hours as any in the history of the House of Windsor

PROBABLY THE BIGGEST CROWD entrance to the Strand as thronged the south side of State coach came through

THE DEPARTURE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE—A SCENE OF PAGEANTRY THAT HAS NO COUNTERPART: This magnificent picture was taken from the Palace roof as the carriage procession of Her Majesty the Queen set out for the Abbey in advance of the bride and accompanied by some of her Royal guests. Drawn up before the Victoria Memorial is a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry waiting to follow the bride and her father, who rode together in the Irish State coach

A "SPHERE" ARTIST RECORDS and-gold entrance at the Abbey and of St. Margaret's

EVER SEEN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND AN ARRAY OF PERISCOPES THAT HAS CERTAINLY NEVER BEEN SURPASSED : This dramatic picture was taken from near the the bridal coach, accompanied by a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry, passed the statue of Charles the Martyr, watched by a vast concourse of people who the Square and the entrance to Whitehall. The continuous cheering that followed the State procession down the Mall became one thunderous roar as the Irish Admiralty Arch. After a wait of just over an hour the crowds were rewarded with a view of the bride and bridegroom on their return as man and wife

THE SCENE AT WESTMINSTER AS THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM SET OUT ON THE RETURN JOURNEY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The glass coach is just leaving the scarlet-Great West Door of the Abbey, and as it turns into Parliament Square a cavalry escort is waiting to fall in behind. At this moment the bells of Westminster were pealing forth the announcement that the ceremony was over, and all along the route to the Palace vast expectant crowds were waiting—*Drawing by Dennis Flanders*

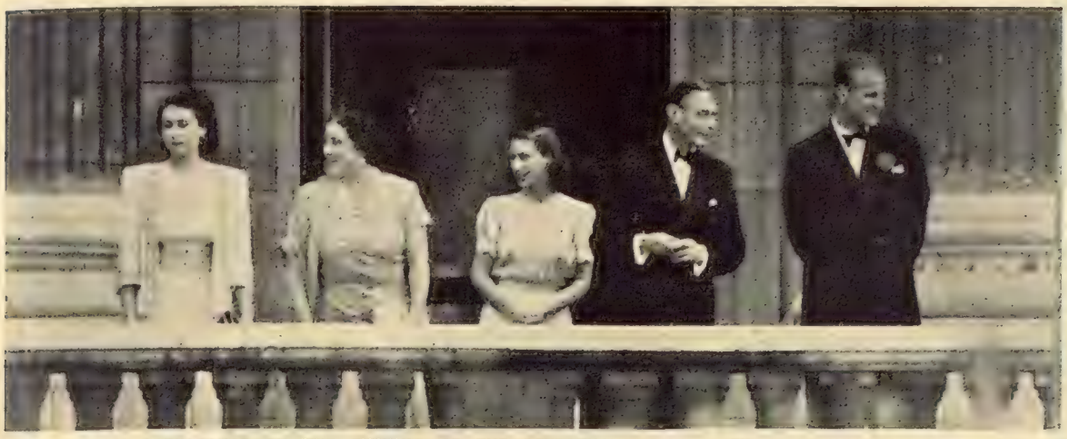
AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

THE PROCESSION WITHIN THE ABBEY TOWARDS THE WEST DOOR

Princess Elizabeth Led by Her Husband, the Duke of Edinburgh and Followed by the Two Pages, the Eight Bridesmaids, and the Best Man

The marriage ceremony over, the Duke of Edinburgh, leading his bride by the hand, passed down the Choir and Nave of the Abbey towards the West Door. Following them were the two pages, Prince William of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent, the eight bridesmaids in their dazzling diaphanous white gowns, led by Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra of Kent, and the best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven. The Royal couple had just heard from the Archbishop of York an address in which he declared: "You go forth with the affectionate good wishes of all who are here. May God's unfailing love always surround and protect you." On emerging at the West Door the Princess and the Duke began their triumphal drive to the Palace

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: Acknowledging the Cheers on the Palace Balcony



THE BALCONY APPEARANCE ON THE EVENING OF THE BETROTHAL: Princess Elizabeth, H.M. the Queen, Princess Margaret, H.M. the King, and Lieutenant Mountbatten acknowledging the cheers of the crowd after the announcement of the betrothal in July. The crowd remained outside the Palace until a late hour

THE HAPPY ROYAL COUPLE IN LONDON IN THE FIRST DAYS OF THE ENGAGEMENT: *Left*—The Princess and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten driving away from Buckingham Palace, and (*right*) an informal picture taken at the Palace on the morning after the announcement. During the last few days before the announcement, rumour and counter-rumour engaged the attention of the Press, and one newspaper even went so far as to quote the inspired opinions of its Athens correspondent on the burning subject of the day

THE RADIANT BRIDE-TO-BE: Princess Elizabeth leaving the Dorchester Hotel (where she dined on the evening before the announcement of her engagement) for Apsley House, where she attended a private dance

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES — PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND LIEUTENANT PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN RECEIVE THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE CITIZENS OF LONDON: *Left*—Walking together in the quadrangle of the Palace, and (*right*) on the Palace balcony, where they stood alone for some moments before being joined by the King and Queen and Princess Margaret. On his mother's side Lieutenant Mountbatten traces his ancestry back to Queen Victoria, and, through this same line, to the Kings of Scotland from whom Princess Elizabeth is herself doubly descended

THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

A Series of Specially Posed Pictures to Mark the Betrothal of the Heiress Presumptive

THE ROYAL FAMI... Elizabeth. Lieutena... Majesty the Queen... and Princess Marga... Rooms of Buckingha... groom, who was br... Earl Mountbatten o... friend of the Princess... met her on frequent... parties at the Palace... Earl Mountbatten. ... was educated at Ch... oldest private schools... tinued his education ... first in Germany ...

On left—THE ROYA... GROOM: A colou... one of the State ... Palace, where the ... Mountbatten posed ... shortly after the ... betrothal. At th... had only lately retur... African tour, which ... to unite the bonds ...

LY GROUP: Princess
Mountbatten, her
Majesty the King,
t in one of the State
n Palace. The bride-
ght up by his uncle,
Burma, has been a
or many years, having
occasions at childhood
and at the home of
eutenant Mountbatten
m School, one of the
in England, and con-
under Mr. Kurt Hahn,
nd later in Scotland

L BRIDE AND BRIDE-
photograph taken in
ooms of Buckingham
rincess and Lieutenant
for the world Press
nnouncement of their
time the Princess
turned from the South
h has done so much
ds of Commonwealth

These special colour pictures of the Royal Family were taken at Buckingham Palace shortly after the betrothal of the Heiress Presumptive to the Throne to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, grandson of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, first Marquess of Milford Haven, and nephew of the present Governor-General of India, Rear-Admiral Earl Mountbatten. The bridegroom's father was Prince Andrew of Greece, brother of King Constantine, and he is thus a cousin of the Duchess of Kent and of King Paul of Greece. The bridegroom, formerly known as Prince Philip of Greece, became a British subject in the early part of this year and renounced any possible rights to the Greek Throne. A cadet branch of the Danish Royal Family of Glucksburg founded the reigning Greek dynasty, and through this line the bridegroom traces the same ancestry as Queen Alexandra, Consort of King Edward VII

On left—THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE TWO PRINCESSES: Lieutenant Mountbatten with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. These photographs were taken while Lieutenant Mountbatten was on fourteen days' leave from his unit at Corsham, where he has been acting throughout this year as one of the instructors on a course

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

The Bride-to-Be From the Days of Childhood to Her Twenty-Second Year —Some Well-Remembered Pictures

AT FOURTEEN: Riding in Windsor Great Park

IN HER FOURTH YEAR

THE CORONATION GROUP IN MAY 1937: The King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in their Coronation robes. At this time Princess Elizabeth had just celebrated her ninth birthday. Princess Margaret was six

Below—A PATRON OF THE SHOW RING: Despite the passage of the years, two markedly similar pictures of the Princess. That on the left was taken at Richmond Horse Show in 1935, and that on the right at the Royal Windsor Show this year

AT TWENTY-ONE: Riding out from the Palace

AT THE AGE OF SIX

MAN AND WIFE

HAND IN HAND, BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVE THE ABBEY

The Princess is wearing her wonderful wedding gown of ivory Duchess satin and carries a bridal bouquet of white orchids

With the organ of Westminster Abbey thundering out Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" the Princess and her sailor husband walked slowly through the choir and nave to the West Door. At this very moment when they emerged into the light of the November day bellringers of the Abbey and neighbouring St. Margaret's rang out triumphant peals, and the smiling couple drove back along the route the bride had taken with her father a little over an hour before. When this picture was taken beneath the canopy at the West Door the bridesmaids had halted in the background and the bride and bridegroom passed the guard of honour accompanied only by their two pages. The Princess's bouquet of white orchids was delivered at the Palace at 9 o'clock on the morning of the wedding. In accordance with tradition, it was prepared by the Gardeners' Company. While the wedding was taking place within the Abbey the waiting crowds were apprised of the progress of the ceremony, three successive fanfares by trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music announcing the arrival of the bride at the Sanctuary steps, the signing of the register, and the conclusion of the National Anthem

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G. : The official wedding picture of the bride and bridegroom, showing the 15-ft. bridal train which was carried by the young cousins of the bride

THE BRIDE ACKNOWLEDGES THE THUNDEROUS GREETINGS OF and Lady Mary Cambridge, two of the eight bridesmaids, and remained massed before the Palace, standing round the Victoria

BRIDE AND GROOM ON THE PALACE BALCONY

Acknowledging the Thunderous Cheers of the Wedding Crowds

THREE HANDS WERE RAISED IN SALUTATION : Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, accompanied by the best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven, and Prince William of Gloucester, one of the pages, on the second balcony appearance after the return from the Abbey. After waving to the crowds for several minutes the bride and bridegroom withdrew, but no sooner had the party gone inside than the pages, in sheer exuberance, ran out by themselves and waved to the crowd

THE CROWD—PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAVES FROM THE PALACE BALCONY HALF AN HOUR AFTER HER RETURN FROM WESTMINSTER: The King stands with Princess Margaret Prince Philip is with the Queen and Queen Mary. The Queen wears on her left arm the Order of the Garter. Throughout the afternoon many thousands of people Memorial and lining the honeymoon route to the station. Just before 3.30 p.m. the bride and bridegroom again appeared on the balcony with groomsman and pages

THE OFFICIAL WEDDING GROUP AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—THE KING AND QUEEN, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, THE GROOMSMAN, THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES POSE BENEATH A CANOPY IN ONE OF THE STATE ROOMS AT THE PALACE: Left to right—The Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Lady-in-Waiting to the bride; Lady Pamela Mountbatten, daughter of Earl Mountbatten of Burma; Queen Mary; Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge; Princess Andrew of Greece, mother of the Duke of Edinburgh; Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent; the Marquess of Milford Haven (groomsman); Prince William of Gloucester; Princess Elizabeth; Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh; Prince Michael of Kent; Princess Margaret; Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, second daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch; His Majesty the King; Lady Elizabeth Lambart, elder daughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan; Her Majesty the Queen; Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, niece of H.M. the Queen; and the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven

THEY SET OUT FOR THE HONEYMOON

A Gay Send-Off at the Palace

On these pages are shown the final moments at the Palace as the bride and bridegroom set off for their honeymoon, the drive through the still-thronged streets to Waterloo Station, and the arrival of the Royal train at Winchester, where another big crowd assembled to cheer the honeymoon couple before they drove off to Broadlands.

THE GROOMSMAN AND BRIDESMAIDS MINGLE WITH THE COURTYARD CROWDS AS THEY BID FAREWELL TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: Standing by the Marquess of Milford Haven are Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Mary Cambridge

AT WATERLOO: The Princess's Welsh corgi is held by one of the coachmen as the bridegroom helps the bride to alight on arrival at Waterloo Station. They arrived ten minutes late, the only mishap in a day of split-second timing

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN THE LANDAU IN WHICH THEY DROVE TO WATERLOO STATION: Prince Philip is leaning forward as he finds a place for the Princess's dog. Standing beside a Palace official are the Earl and Countess Mountbatten, and other guests are seen coming out into the courtyard to wave good-byes

IN AN OPEN LANDAU THEY DROVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON AT THE START OF THEIR HONEYMOON: Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip acknowledging the cheers as they left Buckingham Palace for Waterloo

THE BRIDESMAIDS IN THEIR DRESSES OF DIAPHANOUS TULLE: Lady Pamela Mountbatten (right) talking with the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth, and two of the other bridesmaids at the entrance to the Palace

AFTER THEY HAD GIVEN THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM THEIR HONEYMOON SEND-OFF: The King and Queen walking in the Palace courtyard, where they talked with many of the courtyard spectators. Standing towards the left with Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra of Kent are the King and Queen of Denmark

ALONG TWO MILES OF PROCESSIONAL WAY THEY ACKNOWLEDGED LONDONERS' FAREWELLS: The Royal couple seen on their journey to Waterloo Station. By this time it was almost dark, and the landau moved at a fast pace in an endeavour to make up lost minutes due to the lateness of the departure from Buckingham Palace

As the bride and bridegroom left the Palace at the start of their honeymoon journey the crowd gasped as they saw the King and Queen, Queen Mary, the best man, the bridesmaids, Earl and Countess Mountbatten and other guests hurrying across the quadrangle. Some of the Royal party caught up with the wedding coach before it left the gates and laughingly pelted the bridal pair with rose petals. Prince Philip tried to shield his bride, but they were smothered. When they were out of sight the Royal wellwishers stopped waving, and the King and Queen strolled round the quadrangle talking to the guard of Sea Rangers and to some of the others who had watched the honeymoon send-off. "It has been a wonderful day," said the Queen. "How lucky we were not to have fog." It was not until five hours later that the crowds finally dispersed.

WINCHESTER'S GREETING FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP: The Lady Mayor escorting the Royal couple from the station. The Princess had been presented with a bouquet of red roses. She led her Welsh corgi to the car, and they set off by road for Broadlands

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THE BOTTOM TIER OF THE WEDDING-CAKE: It bore, among other devices, a plaque of Balmoral and a representation of the arms of the Princess

AN ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECE: The two lowest tiers of the cake. On the second tier are Prince Philip's armorial bearings

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FONDNESS FOR CRICKET is exemplified by the plaque of a batsman and a wicket-keeper

The WEDDING by TELEVISION

The Day's Events Viewed from a Series of Vantage Points

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is hard to say which was the best position from which I saw the Royal wedding procession on Thursday—outside Westminster Abbey, outside Buckingham Palace, or on Constitution Hill. For I was at all of these vantage points, thanks to my television set. At the Coronation I was personally in Westminster Abbey, as I also was for the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. But this meant, of course, that I did not see any of the procession before and afterwards. It also meant getting up at dawn, putting on levee dress and wondering whether one would arrive at the Abbey before the police cordons shut all the streets.

On Thursday I got up at the usual time, sat in my armchair and had something like seven hours' non-stop viewing. True, the television cameras were not allowed in the Abbey. True, too, television has not yet gone Technicolor. But the difference between staying out of doors throughout a cold November night and seeing all that was to be seen in one's own study, was fantastic. Nor is there any feeling that the pictures are synthetic, like a movie. For you are seeing what is actually going on at the time you are seeing it.

The programme began at 10.50 a.m. with the cheerful crowds outside Buckingham Palace as seen from the Victoria Memorial and to the accompaniment of ringing words of command from unseen sergeant-majors. A few yards away you could see the gleaming helmets and cuirasses of the Life Guards. The pleasant voice of Leslie Mitchell warned us that the Glass Coach, drawn by the Windsor Greys Tedder and Cunningham, was about to appear in front of us. It did. A St. John Ambulance man went by with a walking casualty. An ambulance appeared. We had a look at the crowds along Constitution Hill. Leslie Mitchell then appeared in person and introduced us to some of the crowds—a tongue-tied schoolgirl from Northampton, an almost equally tongue-tied American sailor from Massachusetts, and Miss Valerie Hobson, who did not look as though she had been waiting four hours. Then the cheering began. The Captain's Escort appeared and drew to one side. A procession of motor-cars containing various celebrities, including the Duchess of Kent and Rear-Admiral Lord Mountbatten of Burma, India's Governor-General, drove past. Then, with startling clarity, came the hoarse bark of "Guard of Honour—present arms!"

Out came the four State coaches drawn by the Windsor Greys. In the first was the Queen, with a fur coat round her shoulders, and Princess Margaret. Behind them came the King of Norway, the King and Queen of Denmark and the Queen of the Hellenes. With the magic eye of television we were able to follow their jingling, clattering progress all the way up the Mall. A moment later we found ourselves outside Westminster Abbey, with the Guardsmen lining Parliament Square and thousands of people cheering a passing dustman, laughing and talking and waiting. John Snagge took up the running and told us to expect Queen Mary in her Daimler. She arrived a moment later, giving us a splendid view of her. There were close-ups of Court officials and mounted policemen, and then, once again, we were back at Buckingham Palace. The cheers were beginning again.

Out came the Sovereign's Escort, followed by the Irish State coach containing the King and Princess Elizabeth. They drove right past us and we had a fine view of the Princess waving her white-gloved hand in acknowledgment of the cheers. Once more we followed them along the length of the Mall on their way to the Abbey.

Now came two or three very tantalising moments. We lucky owners of television sets were put on a level with all the other listeners. On the screen appeared a map of Whitehall and Miss Audrey Russell, perched on top of Admiralty Arch, proceeded to tell us what was going on. But it was only through her eyes and not through ours.

Then again we were wafted to our vantage point outside Westminster Abbey. The chargers of the First Division of the Household Cavalry looked rather like ballet dancers as they approached. Then more Household Cavalry and finally the Irish State coach once again with the Princess and her father both looking radiant—there is no other word for it. Once again they passed right in front of our eyes and then we saw them getting out of the coach at Westminster Abbey itself.

Now came the magnificent wedding service (sound only), but smartly at 12.28 we saw the horses' heads being held in preparation for the newly-married couple to step into the bridal coach. Once again we had a practically close-up view of the occupants—this time the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride. As we watched, the rest of the Royal party drove away, and then once more we were back at Buckingham Palace to see the young couple arrive, heavily protected from the crowds, which had swelled tremendously.

After that for half an hour Leslie Mitchell and his colleague had to "ad lib." while waiting hopefully for the Princess and her husband.

To the renewed shouts of "We want the bride!", finally, at 1.30 p.m., the Princess and her husband appeared on the balcony. A slight drizzle had set in, but that did not quench the ardour of the crowds.

Even then the viewers had more to come; the second balcony appearance, the honeymoon drive, and a final review of the day's events. The televiewers certainly had a field day.

THE ENTRY OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN THE WESTMINSTER MARRIAGE REGISTER: It is signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster, and beneath the signatures of the bride and bridegroom are those of the King and Queen, Princess Andrew of Greece, and other relatives of the couple. On the day following the wedding, crowds queued at Westminster Abbey to see this entry in the register and the bridal bouquet

THE ROYAL FAMILY ACCLAIMED BY THE WEDDING CROWDS: Queen Mary (*left*), a regal figure at the Abbey ceremony. *Centre*—"Goodnight to you all." The King and Queen make the last balcony appearance of the wedding day. *Right*—The King and Queen at the Abbey

The REST of the NEWS
In Pictures from Home and Abroad

THE WILD WAVES OF WINTER BEAT UPON BRITAIN'S COASTS: The merchant vessel "Deal" battling with heavy seas off Dover, where, following a recent gale warning, there were a series of emergencies. One of the first ships to be in trouble was the Norwegian steamer "Polykarp," and she was eventually brought safely into harbour by the 180-ton tug "Lady Duncannon." Within a few hours the disabled steamer "Barbara Lykes" was calling for help, and after that there was a long succession of incidents. American ships have been particularly unfortunate off the south coast since the close of the war and numerous wrecks on the Goodwin Sands have caused disquietude in shipping quarters. The Dover Harbour Board's signals station has never been busier than during the first weeks of November. It is possible new buoys will be used to warn shipping from the Goodwins

TOM BROCKMAN RETURNS TO DOVER HARBOUR: He had just picked up a Rotterdam pilot from the American steamer "Barbara Lykes." A few minutes later he was at sea again, going to the rescue of the "Barbara Lykes," which had engine trouble

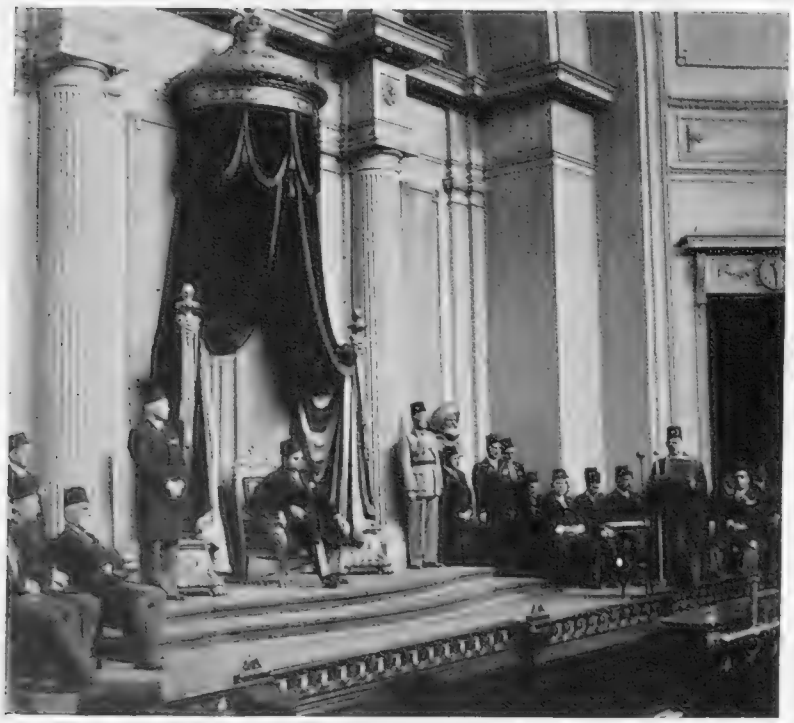
THE R.A.F. HAS APPOINTED A FALCONER: His name is Terence O'Reilly, and here he is with some of his charges. It is his task to rid airfields of small birds which last year caused £20,000 damage to aircraft. Terence is the only "aircraftman-falconer" in the Service, but if the experiments prove successful it is highly probable that looking after the birds will become an R.A.F. trade, declares the Air Ministry. When a falcon was flown recently at a mixed flock of plovers and rooks at Shawbury, Shropshire, they vanished and did not come back for a week. It has been found that birds crashing through the windscreens upset pilots at low speeds during taking-off and landing. They also cause damage at high speeds

THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF WITH MEMBERS OF THE TURKISH MILITARY MISSION: Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who greeted the Mission at the War Office in London, is standing between General Omurtag, Chief of the Turkish General Staff, and Rear-Admiral Ozdeniz, Chief of Staff of the Turkish Navy. In the second row are Major-General Saim Onhun, Brigadier-General Erdelhun, Major-General Ucaner (Chief of Staff, Turkish Air Force), Major Perin, and Major E. Dirvana. In the back row are Colonel Sancak, Brigadier C. S. Clarke, British Military Attaché in Ankara, and Major-General Templer, of the War Office. The Mission has been making a nine-day tour of Britain, visiting various installations. After paying this call on Lord Montgomery, the Turkish Chief of Staff saw Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of War

THE CONFERENCE OF AFRICAN GOVERNORS AT THE MEMORIAL HALL, CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: The conference has been initiated by Mr. Creech Jones, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and it is preparing the ground for the 1948 Conference of Colonial Governments. Britain is now on the verge of vast colonial developments, and has a preliminary programme of expansion calling for an investment of £100,000,000. In this connection the East and West African ground-nuts scheme is already under way

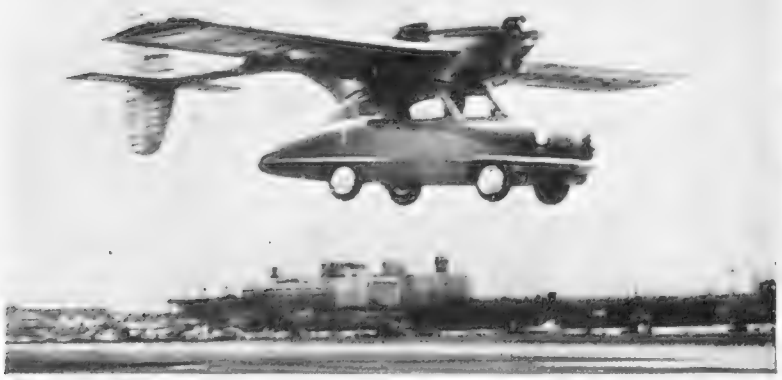
AFTER THE DROUGHT COME THE FLOODS: This railway bridge on the main Leeds to Carlisle line at Eastburn, near Keighley, collapsed as a train was crossing over it. Unknown to the railway engineers, the foundations of the bridge had been seriously undermined by recent flooding, and part of one abutment collapsed into the river. No trains were allowed to cross the bridge by the intact up-line until a complete examination had been made

FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES



THE OPENING OF A NEW SESSION OF THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT: King Farouk seated on his throne in the Parliament House as Nokrashi Pasha, the Prime Minister, read the Royal Address. The opening ceremony had been delayed by the cholera epidemic. About a quarter of the speech was devoted to political questions, and it opened with a reaffirmation of the Egyptian will to achieve complete independence, unabridged sovereignty, unity of the Nile Valley and "the evacuation of both parts of the Valley, Egypt and the Sudan, by foreign troops." The speech went on to describe how direct negotiations between Britain and Egypt had failed, and how Egypt had had to go to the Security Council. Regarding the former Italian colonies, the speech called for a free Libya

THE FIGHT ON THE BARAMULLA ROAD: Indian Government troops taking up positions during the battle to save the capital of Kashmir and to push the Muslim invaders of the State back into the mountains of the North-West. At the time of writing the battle is going in favour of the Indian Dominion troops, who are better equipped and are being steadily reinforced by air from Delhi. They have encountered effective road barricades, however, and the tribesmen have frequently succeeded in slowing up the advance. The trouble in Kashmir began when Sir Hari Singh, the Maharajah, declared in favour of the Dominion of India



CONSOLIDATED VULTEE INTRODUCE THE FLYING AUTOMOBILE: The plane, which has detachable wings and a separate engine in the car for ground operation, circled the city of San Diego for one hour and eighteen minutes and also showed its pace in ground tests. The idea is by no means new, and only recently Mr. Robert Fulton introduced a model which is about to be manufactured on a commercial basis

H.M.S. "MAURITIUS" LEADS H.M.S. "AJAX" OUT OF VALETTA HARBOUR: The two ships of the British Mediterranean Fleet were on their way out to take part in exercises at sea. Rear-Admiral R. V. Symonds-Tayler, Commanding the First Cruiser Squadron, was wearing his flag in "Mauritius." Captain Lord Ashbourne is in command of "Mauritius," and Captain de Courcy Ireland is in "Ajax"

H.M.S. "VENGEANCE" RETURNS TO GRAND HARBOUR, VALETTA: She had just flown off the 15th Carrier Group. This Group consists of No. 802 Squadron of Seafires and No. 814 Squadron of Fireflies. These are to be based on Malta and will constitute a powerful addition to the planes which are already there

GENERAL DE GAULLE ADDRESSES FRENCH AND FOREIGN JOURNALISTS IN PARIS: The leader of the Rally of the French People, the new party which gained such spectacular successes in the recent municipal elections, giving an outline of his plans for the future. General de Gaulle, who has his headquarters at No. 5, Rue de Solferino, on the Paris Left Bank, is pushing ahead with all speed with the organisation of his new movement, and it is expected that before June he will have delivered his challenge to the parties of the Left and Centre. At the Municipal Elections 6,000,000 Frenchmen voted for representatives of the Rally, while the Communist poll dropped from 5,500,000 to 4,700,000. De Gaulle, in his violent attacks on the Communists, usually refers to them as Separatists, "the agents of a foreign power." His right-hand man is Jaques Soustelle, Secretary-General of the Rally. He is an ex-professor, a Sorbonne-trained ethnologist. But for the determination of De Gaulle the Rally would not have put up a full quota of candidates in October

AFTER PALESTINE'S NIGHT OF TERROR: Jews being escorted for interrogation in Jerusalem following the renewed outbreak of terrorism throughout the country in the second week of November. A lightning round-up took place

TROOPS THROW UP A QUICK GUARD AT THE JUNCTION OF THE JAFFA ROAD AND KING GEORGE AVENUE: British troops were in constant action throughout one night in Jerusalem, and there was also trouble in other cities. This fresh outbreak followed the news from Lake Success that Britain was already beginning the evacuation of Palestine and hoped to be out of the country some time in 1948. Five Britons were killed during this night of terror, and twenty British soldiers were wounded. One of the most serious incidents was the throwing of a hand-grenade into the Ritz Cafe, Jerusalem. At the time it was thronged with British troops

ITICAL VIOLENCE IN ITALY: The scene outside the Monarchist headquarters in Naples after the building had been raided. The smoke rises from fires created by the burning of Monarchist files found within the building. The wrecked office sign is in the foreground. The trouble began when Communist organisers invited the population to join in an anti-Right Wing demonstration. They drove through Naples in lorries equipped with loud-speakers, and very soon had gathered round them a considerable mob. There was also serious Labour unrest in Milan and other cities, and thousands of workers rushed into the streets from factories and offices. Many Right Wing newspaper offices were attacked with determination

BELGIUM INTRODUCES AN ELEMENT OF HUMOUR INTO HER POLITICAL ACTIVITIES: Over 15,000 former political and war prisoners of Belgium paraded recently in the streets of Brussels protesting against the Belgian Ministry of Justice, which is accused of liberating too many individuals who failed in their attitude during the German occupation of Belgium. The centre of attraction among the demonstrators was an invalid World War I veteran, who wore a large pear on his hat. (In Belgium being a "pear" is a term of opprobrium.) This picture was taken outside the Palais de Justice. Massed on the steps are the standard-bearers of various ex-Service organisations which earlier on had taken part in a march through the city streets

RIOTING IN THE HEART OF MARSEILLES: Police and mobile guardsmen attempting to stop Communist demonstrators from reaching the Palais de Justice and rescuing four of their number who had been arrested for activities in connection with the tram strike. Three of the men were condemned to ten years' imprisonment, and when the news became known there was an attack on the Mairie, the new Mayor, a Gaullist, being wounded in the subsequent fighting. The number of wounded in the Marseilles riots was sixteen

AFTER THE RIOTING IN THE STREETS OF MILAN: In this northern industrial city the Communist demonstrators were even more active than in Naples. The burned papers in this picture were files belonging to the Party of the Common Man, an organisation led by Giannini and Fascist in origin. A section of demonstrators entered the Party offices, and in a very short while they had overturned all the furniture and emptied the contents of the filing cabinets into the streets. While this was going on in Milan, a strike was called at neighbouring Turin, and strikers were also out in Genoa

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WHAT TROTSKY THOUGHT OF STALIN

An Unfinished Biography that Does Little to Enlighten Us

IT is said that in the official Lenin Museum in Moscow, which is supposed to contain the authorised version of the history of the Russian Revolution, there is not so much as a reference to the name of Leon Trotsky, let alone a picture, or even a group photograph, in which he figures. Such are the lengths to which Joseph Stalin has gone in eliminating Trotsky's possible influence inside the Soviet Union. In this latest biography of Stalin, Trotsky replies in kind and with interest. Trotsky was actually sitting in his study at Coyoacan, Mexico, at work on this biography, STALIN, by Leon Trotsky (Hollis and Carter. 25s.), when he was assassinated. His followers claim that Stalin was personally responsible. The truth will probably never be known.

Trotsky's unfinished manuscript has been edited by one of his disciples, Charles Malamuth, who scrupulously indicates his own additions. Yet a reading of the 500 pages leaves one little wiser than before. The main lines of the great Stalin-Trotsky quarrel are well known. Stalin insisted on building up Socialism in Russia once power had been seized. Trotsky maintained that it was impossible for Soviet Russia to survive in a capitalist world and demanded a policy of world revolution.

This biography is directed to proving that Stalin has no right to his Number One position in Russia. Trotsky tells us that "It was not he (Stalin) who created the machine, but the machine that created him." With a wealth of historical detail he sets out to prove, not only the falsity of Stalin's theories, but his inferiority as a leader. Perhaps events have justified Stalin's theories already. On the question of his qualities as a leader, it is to be doubted whether the other leaders of the Big Four who have had to deal with Stalin's policies inside the United Nations and at other conferences would agree with Trotsky, who sums up Stalin's character by saying "whenever he cannot carry his point he is inclined to sulk in hiding and dream of revenge." Dreaming does not appear to be an operative word in Stalin's life story.

A WORK OF METICULOUS SCHOLARSHIP, BUT POSSESSING THE ATTRIBUTES OF A GOOD NOVEL: This is the very attractive dust-jacket of Arthur Bryant's "Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making," which is now republished by Messrs. Collins and is reviewed on this page

In one of the most decorative dust-jackets to appear upon a book for many a long day, comes a re-issue of Arthur Bryant's SAMUEL PEPYS: THE MAN IN THE MAKING (Collins. 15s.). First published in 1933, this book has rightly been described as one of the best biographies in the English language, and that urbane but severe critic, Desmond McCarthy, has said that it "rivals in interest the Diary itself."

This reprint is welcomed because it heralds a future series of volumes by Mr. Arthur Bryant "reconstructing Pepys' life and times from the vast collection of papers which this remarkable man left behind."

Mr. Robert Boothby introduces his autobiography, I FIGHT TO LIVE (Gollancz. 21s.), with a well-known quotation from Aristotle on the subject of the full life. He goes on to explain that in writing this book he has adopted Mr. Churchill's technique "to hang the record and discussion of world-famous events upon the thread of personal narrative." From Eton Mr. Boothby went up to Oxford in 1919, there to find a "mood of disillusionment." His was the generation to whose account stands the feckless excesses of the "roaring twenties"; and the *accouchers* of the jazz age were numbered among them. "Yet it seems to me," he says, "that there is something to be said for a society which produced such diverse personalities as Peter Warlock, Robert Graves, Anthony Eden, Robert Byron, Maurice Bowra, Cyril Radcliffe, Sylvester Gates, and Isaiah Berlin; in which Beverley Nichols succeeded Leslie Hore-Belisha as President of the Union; and in which John Strachey, with my humble assistance, was Political Editor of a high Tory magazine."

It did not take Mr. Boothby long to decide upon a political career, nor having embarked upon it, to become one of the brightest young men in the Tory ranks, or the *enfant terrible* according to which side of the Central Office you viewed him from. It soon became evident that he was one of the few members of the Conservative Party who could stand up to, and sometimes defeat, the intellectuals from the London School of Economics on their own ground.

As the personal narrative gives way to a record of world-famous events, the discussion begins to crystallise in some trenchant criticisms of the policy of the Bank of England, the unholy combination of Montagu Norman and Philip Snowden, an intelligent appreciation of what Maynard Keynes was working for, and a devastating *exposé* of the policy of Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Mr. Boothby is able to compile a devastating list of "I told you so's," but he follows it up in the second half of the book with some weighty argument in which he endeavours to point to the dangers of it all happening again. He fought strenuously and almost alone against the Loan, and had the courage to go to the United States and stump the country telling the Americans so. Whether one agrees with him or not, it is impossible not to find his views refreshing as well as challenging.

In previous books of memoirs Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart has explained why it was that he ceased to become a career diplomat and his lack of desire to pursue the circumscribed career of the Civil Service. COMES THE RECKONING (Putnam. 18s.) takes up his personal story again with the resounding titles of Deputy Under-Secretary of State and Director-General of the Political Warfare Executive.

It was 1939, and Bruce Lockhart was obviously the man for the job, co-ordinating the best available material in the fields of political intelligence and propaganda, and directing them with the full force of his considerable ability at the enemy. That he turned out to be the right man for it is beyond doubt, and he was created a K.C.M.G. in the middle of his temporary official career. Not only did he have to understand the enemy, and the enemy's susceptibilities, but he also had to understand two Departments, the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Information.

Of course, Sir Robert cannot tell the whole story of political warfare, but he raises the curtain far enough to give the reader a fascinating glimpse of what went on and how it came about that, more than once, Goebbels was beaten at his own game.

Mrs. Pearl S. Buck introduces A BROTHER IS A STRANGER, by Toru Matsumoto (Gollancz. 18s.), with these words: "The sooner we of the earth can stop thinking of peoples as wholes and think of them as human beings, the sooner we shall have peace."

This is a book by a Japanese, born and educated in his own country, of a strict father whose views on the family, on life, and on personal conduct were derived, like millions of his countrymen, from the Middle Ages. But he also had a Christian mother, and much of her sincerity and indomitable will not only led the formation of his character, but explains the strength of some of the resurgent forces at work in Japan to-day. In Mrs. Buck's opinion this book "is the truest and most complete book of life in Japan, with all its good and evil, that I have ever read."

HALF-TIME (Heinemann. 15s.), by Captain Anthony Kimmins, R.N., is about himself as well as his broadcasts, and he tells of his early life in the Royal Navy, and why he resigned from the Fleet Air Arm on becoming the author of that successful play, "While Parents Sleep." From there he pursued his success into the film world, became script writer, director and, subsequently, producer. In the war he became the spokesman of the Silent Service.

Among the New Novels.—THE FANCY DRESS PARTY (Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.), by Alberto Moravia. THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES (Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.), by Aubrey Menen. A FRAGMENT OF GLASS (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), by F. L. Green. FOUR GREAT OAKS (W. H. Allen 9s. 6d.), by Mildred McNaughton. DIE IN THE DARK (Collins. 8s. 6d.), a Crime Club Book by Anthony Gilbert.

HISTORY IN HOO

And Other Books Briefly Reviewed

Where Thames and Medway meet in that narrow neck of land that lies to the north-east of Rochester and Chatham, where the Halstowe Marches stretch down to Egypt Bay, the Yantlet Creek oozes to the sea, and the flats of the Isle of Grain reach out towards busy Sheerness, on the Kentish mainland, is the Hundred of Hoo. This strange, almost eerie peninsula may be only an hour or two by road from London, but it remains remarkable in its isolation, its defiance of the march of progress. The plans to make Allhallows-on-Sea a great and mighty rival to Southend and to make Port Victoria a permanent cross-Channel port were neither conspicuously successful, and the lonely cries of the sea birds on the saltings and the placid grazing of the sheep upon the marsh are sounds and sights more in keeping with the real Hoo. Ralph Arnold knows this unusual bit of England as well as any man, and in THE HUNDRED OF HOO (Constable. 12s. 6d.) he tells its unexpectedly eventful story. Hoo may be a backwater, but it has certainly played its part in history—sometimes a shady part. It was a parson from Hoo who married the Prince Regent and his light-of-love, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and it was two warriors from Hoo, none other than the lords of Cooling Castle, who in two centuries gave conspiratorial exhibitions in the best manner. The first was Sir John Oldcastle, leader of the Lollards and supposed prototype of Sir John Falstaff, and the second was the Lord Cobham, whose half-hearted defence of Cooling during the Wyatt rebellion bore all the hall-marks of high treason and double-faced knavery. It is all very entertaining, and Mr. Arnold sets it down with relish.

Mass observation these days has won its way almost to the status of a profession, and the trained observer sometimes finds himself at the right hand of the man of commerce, feeding him with a constant stream of information regarding the desires, needs and habits of the people. All this Gallup-polling, with its attendant form-filling, can become mighty wearisome, but Henry Mayhew, a journalist of the Dickensian era and one of the first editors of *Punch*, was no ordinary observer, and his *London Labour and London Poor*, compiled with philanthropic intent, was an intensely human document; for all its seeming factuality it made plain the miseries, joys and chequered activities of the poor. Under the title THE STREET TRADER'S LOT: LONDON 1851 (Sylvan Press. 12s. 6d.) Mayhew's findings are now re-presented by Stanley Rubinstein, who takes us among the flower-sellers, the groundsel men, the baked-potato men, the long-song sellers, the nutmeg-grater vendors, the lucifer-match girls, and the sellers of caged birds. Mayhew was exhaustive in his researches, and he even reported at length the sales-patter of the men who sold grease-removing composition and the expedients of the orange-sellers, who boiled their oranges to make them appear bigger. From the middle of August to the end of April was the season of the baked-potato men. Piping hot the potatoes sold for ½d. each, and in London alone 1,755 tons went in the season. There is no doubt about it, in 1851 the barrow boy was no merchant prince who took fines in his stride as allegedly he does to-day. There was seldom more than a few shillings between himself and penury. Mayhew makes that quite plain.

Jean Fouquet was for nearly 400 years an unrecognised genius of French art. He was born at Tours in 1420, when France, exhausted by the Hundred Years War, was at her lowest ebb economically, intellectually and spiritually. He died in 1485, when the nation was once again great, strong and prosperous, thanks to the inexhaustible fertility of her soil, the vigour of her people, and the statesmanship of Louis XI. Fouquet himself contributed to this essentially national re-birth by founding a new school of painting and illumination. Like his contemporary François Villon, he was a realist. They both saw the world with new eyes. As a portraitist, Fouquet combined the influences of his Italian travels and that exerted upon him by the Van Eycks. Paul Wescher in his monograph of JEAN FOUQUET (Pleiades Books. 42s.) gives a brilliant survey of his development, and numerous half-tone and colour-plates amplify the text. Most outstanding of all is the portrait of Charles VII, a psychological study revealing the pathetic nature of the "well-served" King and revealing Fouquet as an artist far ahead of his time. This magnificently produced book is a worthy tribute to the founder of French national painting.

ASPECTS OF BRITISH ART (Collins. 21s.) is a new addition to the omnibus version of "Britain in Pictures." It is divided into six sections dealing with water-colour painting, portrait painting, romantic art, draughtsmanship, sporting pictures, and cartoons. Britain's unique artistic tradition is well and faithfully recorded and, as ever with this series, the standard of reproduction is notably high.

WONDER OF WINGS (Gollancz. 14s.), by Nancy Price, is a book about birds, a conversational book written by one who is not an ornithologist, but is certainly an enthusiast.

The best dressed Father Christmases always go to Austin Reed's

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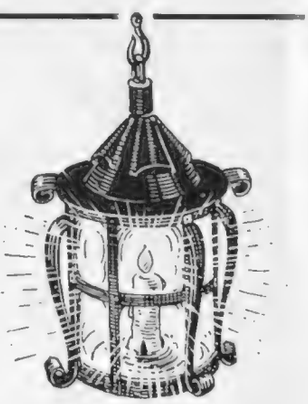

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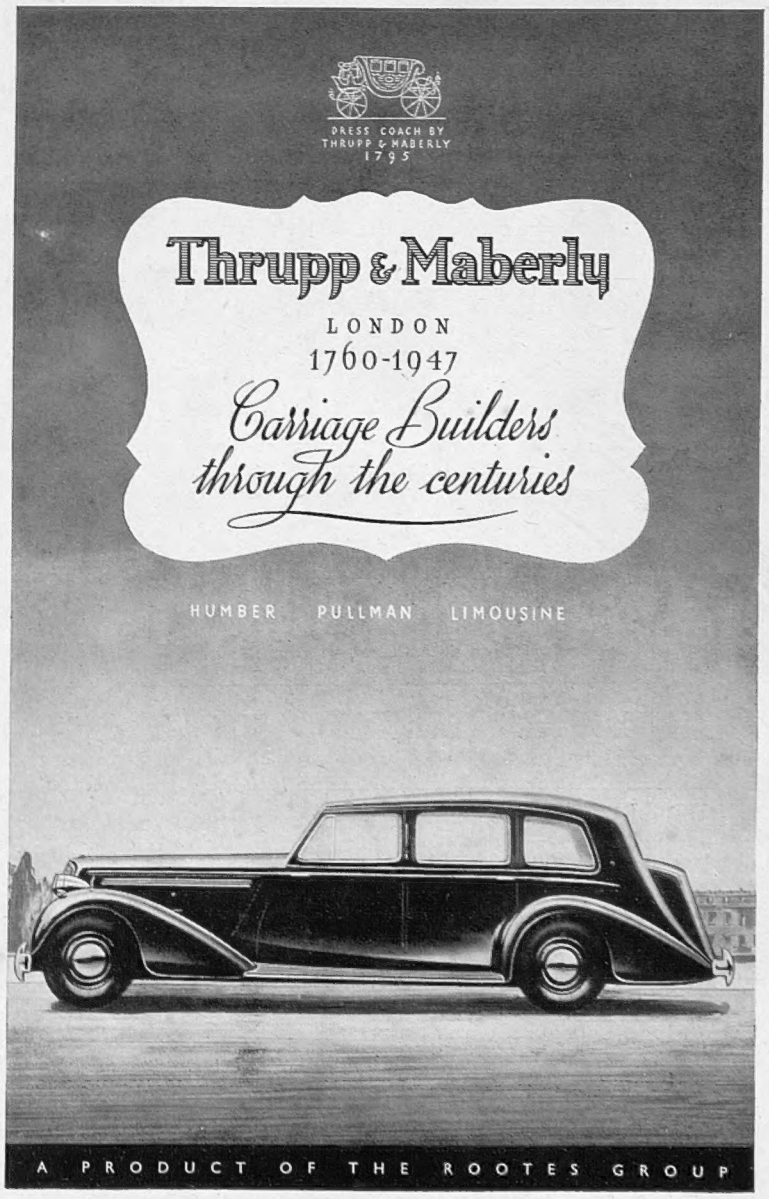

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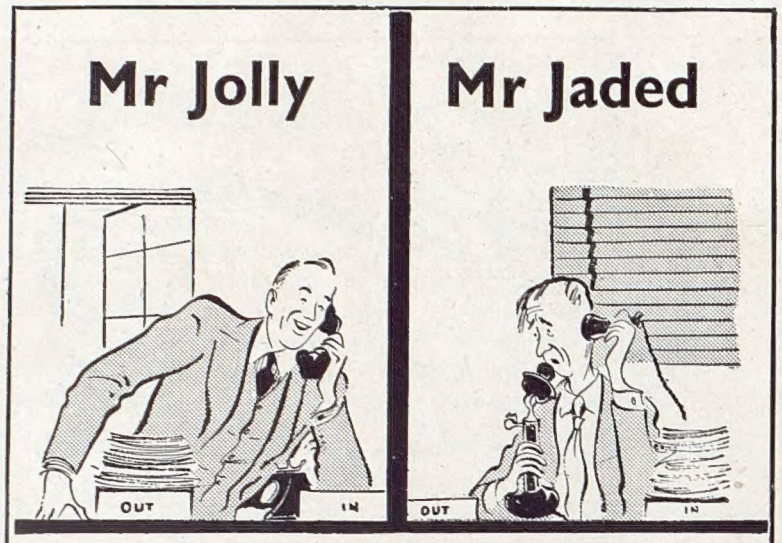

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